

"I am still bummed about the death of Buddy Rogers. His personalized autographed photo is on the wall above this desk." -- William L. Burnett, Memphis, TN

(SNS -- Sushi News Service)

'SUPER FLY' RE-ENACTS BIG MSG SPLASH !!!

NEW YORK, NY -- FLASH! Doctors say former WWF wrestler Jimmy "Super Fly" Sunka will be able to wrestle again, even though he now has a long pole with a sign attached to it stuck permanently through his head. Apparently, while attending the Democratic National Convention held in Madison Square Garden, where Snuka once splashed Bob Backlund from the top of a steel cage, the wild-eyed Fiji Islander climbed to MSG's top rafters and, for no apparent reason, did a swan dive into a section of conventioners where his skull was inadvertently squered by a Democrat holding the poled-sign for the state of Delaware.

CACTUS JACK'S NEW NON-GRAP GIG

HOLLYWOOD, CA -- Following a tragic accident to one of its "twins," the Double-Mint Chewing Gum Company, which employs sibling look-a-likes to perform various, physical, demanding, and often risky feats (while smiling and chewing gum), has hired WCW wrestler/bump-taker Cactus Jack to be its Coordinator of Stunts for television commercials.

Jack was brought in to teach twins how to fall, jump, and flip after six-year-old Shannon Barkley broke her spine in six places while performing a back-drop onto a bed of yellow plastic balls with her twin sister Shiela.

In the commercial now airing, Shannon is the twin on the left, the one who (after not landing properly) gets a "surprised" look on her face. Little Shannon is now paralyzed from the nose down and in all likelihood, according to her doctor, will have to give-up her dream of pursuing a double career in acting and professional wrestling.

WWF ANGLE CAUSED BIG TRAIN WRECK!

DELUTH, MN -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned that Mitch Wilson, 43, the chief engineer of the Minnesota freight train that derailed on 6/30 sending toxic chemicals into a river causing evacuation of Deluth, has admitted he was still groggy and feeling ill when he took over control of the train that morning after sitting ringside at a WWF wrestling card the night before where he suffered through the main event featuring Ultimate Warrior vs Papa Shango.

Wilson said, "I was slowing the train as it approached the bridge when, suddenly, I vomited. Then, after my hands and feet burst into flames, a green slippery goo started oozing out my eyes and running down my arms and wrists and I could not adequately grip the train's hand break!"

Wilson, now under observation at a Minnesota State Mental Hospital, is expected to be released later this month in order to appear on the Donahue Show with President George Bush who also believes his life and political career took a marked turn for the worse after attending a WWF show with Papa Shango on the card.

CORNETTE BLAMES WCW BROTHERS!

MORRISTOWN, TN -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned from a source close to Smokey Mountain Wrestling promoter James E. Cornette, that the former tennis racquet-wielding, fast-talking, garishly dressed manager of the Midnight Express, has been jailed without bail following a tragic late-night incident which took place at a local tennis court.

An eye-witness jogging toward the lighted tennis court testified that she remembered hearing sparse traffic noises, night birds chirping, "and the distinct sound of a man laughing hysterically" while practicing tennis serves.

The witness said, when she jogged into view, "Cornette was dressed in his usual green suit and orange tie, was alone under the lights, was tossing multi-colored tennis balls into the air and smashing them across the net using the same murderous power serve I have seen him use for years on TV and in arenas against opponents of the Express and, lately, The Heavenly Bodies.

"The only problem was that when the yellow, green, and orange colored balls landed in the court opposite Cornette, they neither bounced nor rolled around like normal tennis balls, not to mention that some of the balls actually burst into smithereens upon contact with Cornette's infamous racquet!"

At first, the witness thought the tennis balls were exploding due to Cornette's strength. "Imagine my surprise, and then horror, when I got closer and saw that it was not tennis balls Cornette was taking from a large bucket, but instead he was whacking adorable little parakeets and budgie-birds!"

"It sort of explains a rash of complaints we've been getting from pet store owners and citizens calling in about missing song birds, pet hamsters, and little 4-H Club bunny rabbits," said the town's chief of police.

When contacted in jail, Cornette told Sushi he did not think Papa Shango was to blame for his insane behavior. "Actually," he said; "I think the Steiner Brothers over at WCW are the ones to blame, all the trouble they've been causing lately!"

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RUSSIAN FANS STARVING FOR MORE ABBY!

BRISSKET, RUSSIA -- SNS has learned that Abdullah the Butcher underwent radical mudflap surgery last month to remove those large meaty saddle-bags which hang below his armpits. According to reknown sports surgeon Dr. Bud Waterman, who performed the operation, "Each mudflap weighed about 30-pounds!" SNS also learned that DHL (which transports biopsied human tissue to medical research centers around the world) accidentally delivered the large coolers containing Abby's mudflaps to a small Siberian village in the former Soviet Union where, until then, the inhabitants were barely surviving the tail-end of Russia's long, cold, winter famine. SNS also learned that villagers of Brissket are hungry for the "rest" of Abby to return to their hamlet this summer and take part in a brutal "Shish-Kabob Match" where the loser leaves town...and also leaves behind most of his buttocks.

HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT!

CELESTIAL CITY, MT. OLYMPUS -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned that "Sister Saint" Adrian Adonis and "Fallen Angel" Skull Murphy slammed one of the big iron doors connected to the Pearly Gates of Heaven, injuring the hand of recently deceased former NWA-WWF Champ "Nature Boy" Buddy Rogers during an argument over who might have won a real "shooting" match between Rogers and Lew Thesz (when Rogers was still alive on Earth and was told to drop the NWA strap to Thesz in Toronto in the early '60s.)

A crowd of 12 million former earthly wrestling fans were expected to attend a card on 6/22 at the big Cloud Nine Sportatorium to see newcomer Rogers wrestle Frank "Bruiser Brody" Goodish for the Heavenlyweight Championship in a "Limbo Match" where falls count anywhere between Heaven and Hell, with the loser returning to Purgatory.

"Actually, Buddy was a few days late--due to last minute visa complications on Earth--and he didn't really get here until 6/26, when, only moments after strutting off the shuttle, he got japped by Adonis and Murphy," explained Pearly Gates Wrestling Society (PGWS) promoter Paul Bosch.

Bosch said, "We'll reschedule the match after Buddy's hand returns to a 100%, or we'll wait around a couple or more decades 'til Thesz becomes the first man on Earth to wrestle in each of three centuries and finally gets his butt up here for the re-match everyone wants to see."

The door-slamming incident mentioned above is reminiscent of a similar event in Columbus, OH in 1962, (as reported in the 7/6 Wrestling Observer Newsletter) when tough-guys Bill Miller and Karl Gotch smashed Buddy Rogers' hand in a locker room door causing him to miss a big money match with, off all people, Lew Thesz.

"It's amazing how history repeats itself--even after a guy passes on," said the now ageless Rogers, who intends to keep up his daily exercise routine of jogging, swimming, and light weight training at the Paradise Beach Golf & Country Club where he will live, by the way, in the same townhome ccmplex as former wrestling legends Pat O'Connor, Gorgeous George, Haystacks Calhoun, and others who, naturally, have continued their profesional wrestling careers here in the PGWS.

According to Bosch, "Wrestling and promoting up here in Heaven is a lot more exciting and more fun than back on Earth, because up here...we wrestle! Up here, wrestling is not a work anymore. Brody changed all that from the moment he arrived and started kicking butt in July of '88! Now, matches are total-for-real-shoot-outs!

"We're also looking forward to when McMahon's kid, Junior, boards "the shuttle"--if you know what I mean. NOT! Yeah, you can keep him. But, if and when he DOES come up here, we'll start him out as a--Ha!--ring boy!

"Knowing Junior, though, he'll probably cut a deal with the Devil and run geek shows for all those numbed-out, brain-dead generations of marks he created and eventually bored-to-death, who are now living in towns like Dante's Inferno along the Rivers of Woe and Styx down in Hades."

Bosch also said another reason he likes promoting wrestling in Heaven is that every home is wired for cable-TV and PPV access. "It's part of the package put together by Saints Peter and Gabriel. No middle-man, either! Pete and Gabe take 25% off the top and 75% goes to PGWS and its workers. It's awesome. It's...it's Heaven! Like, the universe of cable-TV owners up here is in the zillions, compared to only a few dozen-millions on Earth."

Another reason Bosch enjoys promoting wrestling in Heaven? "There are no underground wrestling newsletters up here. No sheet editors...no sheet readers! They're all down in Hell where they belong! Where they're forced to watch WCW reruns of the Jim Herd-era and snowy fourth-generation videos of complete WWF tapings. And once a week, when the Observer arrives by fax--not prior to noon HST, of course!--most of the pages are torn out and all they get to read are the Japan and Lucha Libre reports. Now, that's Hell!

"Yes," chuckled Bosch. "Up here in Heaven, the PGWS stands for wrestling as it was meant to be. That's why we've got so many hardcore fans (and terrific wrestlers like Buddy Rogers) dying to get into this place!"

I KILLED
J.F.K.
ALMOST.

THE TATTLER

PRO
WRESTLING
NEWSLETTER

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ISSUE # 2

WRESTLING TATTLER WARNS..

In a story you can read only in the Tattler, 6 females who have attended wrestling shows lately have been attacked by two men. An interview with one of the females reveals, that while at a recent house show, she said something derogatory about Big Boss Man's sweaty shirt being "tacky". Someone grabbed her from behind and tied her hands with dental floss. A St. Louis Cardinal shirt was tied around her eyes and someone began [Parents hide your children's eyes] forcibly flossing her teeth. Another gentleman began screaming "Pompous douche bag" at her. A witness to the event mentioned the man flossing was "dropping more names than a New York Socialite". If anyone knows the whereabouts of these men, keep it to yourselves. Okay?

DEEP RESEARCH BY TATTLER SAYS...

Our pen pal Jubie Jay Mullins' favorite angle with the puke and the goo isn't what it seems to be. All of the vomit and most of the pus in the recent voodoo angles have not come from the Warrior himself. The rest of the wrestlers in the WWF and a concerned outsider contributed the essentials for this angle. Each night leading up to the TV tapings all wrestlers under contract got together for a puke-fest, where they all blew chunks into plastic bags. Warrior would then save the vomit bounty for the big angle. Prior to the show, U.W. had the entire stock poured down his throat. He heaved his way into history with help from his friends. An unlikely source for the goo was found when Dusty Rhodes volunteered. The pus that came from his splotch would be used. Who says the federations don't work together?

ERIC KROL BEING STALKED!!

A recent phone conversation has convinced Tattler that Eric Krol has made Lucha Libre fans enemies for life. There is one fan, said to be wearing a Konan mask, that has forgot about any previous friendships; and is looking to gain "revenge" on Eric. Look out E.K., those Tilt-a-whirl backbreakers hurt pretty bad; even though they look fake and expose the business!

DAVE MELTZER NOT IN SEX SCANDAL

Dave Meltzer, of Campbell CA, has corrected the Tattler for reporting he had gotten involved in a sex scandal. Meltzer said that he was innocent and blamed the whole incident on Martians who are known for covering people, especially bodybuilders and wrestlers, with ooze. We are sorry Mr. Meltzer for not having "journalistic credibility".

A MULLINS SAYING BITES THE DUST!!

After an interview with Smokey Bear, Gentle Ben and Grizzly Smith; we can safely say bears do not shit in the woods. Ben and Smokey revealed that all the bears take a poll and pick the most annoying person outside the woods. The bears then travel to that person's house to take the big dump. [I think that Mr. Eric Krol can look forward to a lot of bear shit, man.] Thus, they did not defecate in their living environment. Ben said "I wouldn't shit in my bed, how 'bout you?" The Tattler interviewer did not answer. I wonder...

THE TATTLER MOURNS A LOSS!!

The wrestling world suffered a big loss lately. Kay Fabe has died. Some of her biggest friends, Bill Watts for one, fought to keep her alive. Others, like Dave Meltzer, Wade Keller and Alex Marvez, played Dr. Jack Kevorkian and killed her. No one spoke at her funeral; it just wouldn't seem right. She is survived by several sons named Mark, who seem to be everywhere.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

With all the recent split-ups we've had lately, add another. The Lady of the Third Eye has announced that she will no longer be seeing Kevin Sullivan. One of the reasons for the split: Kevin was always bringing his weird friends over. Lady will apparently keep her home spacious home just south of the Tree Of Woe.

Matt Creamer of Oshkosh, WI wanted to see his name in Tattler again. There you go Matt. You mountain biking heart breaker!!

TITAN IS EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

STAMFORD, CT -- Never let it be said that WWF chief Vince McMahon does not have a heart of gold...even though the precious metal probably got there via a circuitous route after he lost a gold crown while eating popcorn. Case in point: the ongoing story of little Shannon Barkley, whose budding television-wrestling career seemingly came to an abrupt end after she broke her back and became paralysed from the nose down while doing a dangerous Double-Mint Gum commercial.

Against all odds, Shannon's acting and grap career is once again taking off, thanks to Vince McMahon and the pro wrestling "angle" in which Shannon plays a heavily made-up, midget-male character, that of the Legion of Doom's life-sized childhood doll...Rocco!

"For a crippled kid with no moves--except for the way she does her eyes--Shannon is a terrific little worker," says LOD's Hawk. "Yeah, and she's even learning a few bumps!" says LOD's Animal (in reference, no doubt, to things that will probably happen to "Rocco" during LOD's feud with the Beverly Brothers.) "Yeah, and she doesn't get all upset and run to the EEOC just because I've got my hand up her back pulling the string that works her mouth," says LOD's manager Paul Ellering. "Yes, we're keeping a real close eye on this one," assures EEOC Chairman Annie Hill.

[Editor's note: Following Sushi's interview with Mr. Bosch, he admitted that only mainstream magazine editors--like Carmine DeSpirito and Craig Peters (of Wrestling Eye and so-called "Apter-type" magazines like Pro Wrestling Illustrated and magazine columnists like Stately Wayne Manor of Wrestling World) will wind up in Hell, and that he was only kidding about sheet editors and sheet readers going to Hell. Bosch said, "So far, no sheet editors have transferred up here--not that we want a sudden rush of them, either! Although, if and when Vinster Jr. arrives, we might let a few of them come up and set up shop, just to keep Junior from getting--Ha!--homesick."]

SMOKEY MTS' X-RATED T-SHIRTS !!!

[Sushi's letters editor, Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, interviewed SMOKY MOUNTAIN WRESTLING's James E. Cornette... who was in a rush to get to the local tennis courts.]

RJH: Jim, you removed the "E" from Smokey and pulled the "S" off Mountains. Why? Were you feeling cranky?

JIM: First of all, you dim-witted light bulb without a socket, their is no "E" in Smoky! Secondly, I could care less than flies on pie about the "S" on Mountains. My T-shirt guy says, "Jim, no 'S' on the logo!" and that's that!

RJH: I like the full color SMW logo on the T-shirts, Jim. But...uh...is it just me, or is the logo actually an illustration of Stan Lane standing behind a mountain, or is he standing behind a really gigantic female breast that's been tatoo'd with a map of six states from the old mid-American/mid-Southeast regions?

JIM: Maybe you're not as dumb as you look, pal! The T-shirts are white and we sell them for \$10 each.

RJH: The shirts come in all sizes, Jim? The gang here in Sushiland comes in all shapes?

JIM: We've got a CHILDREN's size for that little grap maniac jerko-freak nephew of your's, Jubie Jay! We've also got S, M, L and XL! And on 'em is our motto, "Pro Wrestling the Way It Used to Be!" The way you like it!

RJH: Jim, will the front row babes give me a look if I order and wear a T-shirt from the SMW merchandise catalog?

JIM: Ha! I'll tell you what the front row babes will do! You order an SMW T-shirt--adding \$1 for postage and handling, of course--and Bubba, the babes will look at you all night long!

RJH: What if I order two SMW T-shirts, and I enclose \$2 for handling? Will the babes look at me..and talk to me, too?

JIM: Hell, yes! And if you buy three T-shirts, the postage and handling is FREE!

RJH: What about the babes, Jim? What will the front row babes do with me if I buy three T-shirts?

JIM: Why...they'll take you out behind the parking lot and snatch you bald, slap you blind, and stuff your nose full of red Kentucky clay! Can't beat that!

RJH: Oh, Jim! I feel faint! Red Kentucky clay? Heart be still! But...Jim, what will happen if I wear an SMW T-shirt...while sitting ringside...at a WWF taping?

JIM: They'll take you out behind the parking lot, too. But, well, instead of front row babes, it'll be J.J. Dillon, Animal Steele, and Jay Strongbow. It'll be less fun is all. And no clay.

RJH: Jim, maybe I ought to order something less sexy, less riot inciting. Your catalog wouldn't have souvenir programs, autographed wrestlers' photos, and customized, excellent quality video tapes of TV and major house shows would it?

JIM: Do bears crap in the woods? Do potatoes have "I's" (not to mention sometimes "E's" and "S's"?) Is Dutch Mantell Dutch? Do I look great in lime green? If I hit you across the smile with this tennis racquet, would your face puff up like a Belgin Waffle? Or would it take on the look of the NEW YORK TIMES' Sunday crossword puzzle? Is the Pope...

[Editor's note: Some of the comments above may sound a bit workish, but info about T-Shirts, etc. comes right out of the SMW merchandise catalog which Jim Cornette will gleefully send you if you send him a self-addressed stamped envelope at SMOKY MOUNTAIN WRESTLING, P.O. Box 1279, Morristown, TN 37816-1279. Tell Jim that Riki-Jack Hammeroyd sent you. Guaranteed it'll make him giggle! --Jeff Mullins]

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WATERGATE HEEL NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LATEST SETBACK!

CAMPBELL, CA -- "No, no!" claims Dave Meltzer of the Wrestling Observer. "Gordon Liddy did not light an M-80 firecracker and he was nowhere near Superstar Billy Graham when the former WWF champ's crotch suddenly exploded during U.S. Senate hearings regarding a link between steroids and the Watergate break-in scandal 20-years ago. I've watched the tape six times. Billy's family jewels went off by themselves due to steroids abuse, not because of Liddy!"

Meltzer believes that this latest incident in Graham's anabolic drug-ravished life, more than any other incident, will now convince wrestlers to stay off--or get off--the sauce forever.

"There's nothing like the threat of one's kahoonies suddenly vaporizing like the 'Death Star' at the end of the 'Star Wars' movie, to motivate a wrestler!" said Meltzer, who hopes to see pro grapplers finally get off the sauce like Richard Nixon finally got out of the White House in 1974.

THOSE TROUBLE-MAKING BRUDDERS AT IT AGAIN !!!

CAMPBELL, CA -- Sushi News Service correspondents Klon Herron and Jeff Cohen have discovered the reason for recent printing and mailing problems acknowledged by Wrestling Observer Editor Dave Meltzer in his 6/29 newsletter.

Sushi also learned other problems were experienced by Dave, problems not mentioned in the 6/29 edition, such as:

- 1) A batch of Observers mailed from Campbell, CA, on the first Wednesday of June this year, reached the U.S. East Coast on the last Saturday of May...last year!
- 2) When Dave went to complain, he was maced by U.S. postal official Pompo Firpo who told Dave, "Don't pull that 'Moon Dog' Lonnie Mayne crap on me, pal!"
- 3) Dave erroneously thought several hundred callers from Japan had mistaken him for Torch Editor Wade Keller (Dave thought they were HISSING that "The Clash was an '8!"), when actually they were informing Dave that "Page eight was MISSING!"
- 4) And finally, after plugging Ron Lemieux's Arena Report with the wrong price and wrong zip code in the 6/20 issue, Dave had to endure several hours of phone calls from Ron, Ron's wife Cheryl, Ron's two-year old son Christopher, Ron's parents, many of Ron's upset readers, friends, and creditors, and people who thought they had sent money to Ron for copies of AR, but instead got back subscriptions to something called BugWorld: Our Six-Legged Friends.

According to correspondents Klon and Cohen, all of Dave's problems were obviously caused by the Steiner Brothers...who else? Dave agrees. Takayuki Iizuka agrees. Tatsumi Fujinami agrees. Keller and Eric Krol agree. So, that's it. Steiners! Shape up or ship out! Mess with Doc and Gordy all you want, but don't mess with the Observer's mailings!

NO KIDDING ASIDE: MELTZER'S SECRET WCW'TOP FACE' PICK!

One of the great things about doing Sushi is that whenever we poke fun at Dave Meltzer or Wade Keller, 94% of you know exactly who we are talking about since that is the exact percent of you who receive both the Observer and Torch, according to our survey.

Again, except for people who take graps too seriously and avoid hospitals because they fear someone is going to take their temperature using a thermometer up their butt, it clearly demonstrates something I've always suspected, that Sushi's readership is composed of the "core" of the hardest of hardcore fans out there, and whenever Vice President Dan Quayle mentions the "cultural elite in this country," there is no doubt in my mind he is talking about a lot of you Sushiguys and Sushigals.

Quite frankly, though, in reading Dave's recent 7/13 poll about who should become WCW's top babyface, it really surprised me that none of you selected the wrestler I chose.

Actually what surprised me more than that, was that Dave himself never let on who he thought should be crowned as WCW's top mug. This sort of made me po'd, you know? Like a lot of you, I am sure, I put on my Bowdren the Booker Beanie, typed, and mailed a page and a half to Campbell, CA, picking a wrestler and explaining why. Did my wrestler even make the "list" that Dave printed? No. But putting that aside, neither did Dave mention his choice, and, I am sure a lot of you among the culturally elite out there noticed it and probably got po'd, too. Like, I mean, if 224 of us have the nuts (or nutettes) to risk making fools of ourselves by going on the record as to who we pick, then, dammit Gumby, Dave should divulge his pick, too! Right? F---ing eh, right!

So, what I did is I called Dave and gave him some riot act and, eventually, I got him to give in and tell me who he picked for WCW's top baby and why? Here is what Dave told me in that slightly East Campbell accent they use over there. Except for uhhhs, aaaaahs, and ummmms, not a word has been omitted. (Of course, Dave did not know I was going to print this, so he may deny it, and he may also call me a bald-faced, fish-breathed liar, and pull out a copy of the fax I sent him, and a copy of the back-up copy I mailed him, all in an effort to embarrass me, but, okay, I can live with it.) Here's what Super-Dave said:

"If I were in charge of WCW, the wrestler I would pick to build the promotion around as the lead babyface is...MARCUS ALEXANDER BAGWELL.

"First, I'd revive those angles putting Bagwell with STING and I'd push them as WCW's #1 babyface tag-team. (Picture good videos of Sting teaching Bagwell all he knows and then, the sacred, solemn moment when Sting ceremoniously applies face paint to Bagwell...hands Bagwell a pair of new tights...a new identity...and together STING & SCORPIO wreck havoc against WCW heels across the land.) But then, slowly, exquisitely (recalling the infamous Terry Taylor vs Gentleman Chris Adams feud) STING turns...the situation building to tension-filled heights...the drama becoming the promotion's number

⑥ one matinee angle as kids and women begin to return to their TV sets and arenas in droves...with the guys not far behind. The big blow-off takes place at BASH'93 in a revived Baltimore Arena where, finally, STING is pinned...and the PPV cameras catch World Heavyweight Champion DR. DEATH Steve Williams standing alone in a dark corner of the stage, glaring at the victorious young gladiator, foreshadowing the next step in the christening of WCW's top babyface...MARCO SCORPIO!"

The reasons Dave picked Bagwell:

"1) WCW already has him; he won't cost millions--which will neither hurt the budget nor peeve the other workers; he looks good, works hard, is young, and he's still trainable.

"2) With a modified but not total "Handsome Stranger"-type gimmick, it revives the angle that was one of Joe Pedicino's hottest ideas, but died when Bagwell jumped from Global to WCW. Now, the story can continue for female fans who were eating that stuff up. Kids also like him.

"3) The times and odds are against WCW coming up with another Hulk Hogan now or three years from now. Unlike Hogan, WCW's top babyface will not be able to carry or turn the promotion's fate around on his own. Exactly the opposite, as the promotion and everyone in it must work, sell, do jobs when needed, make the ultimate sacrifices as required, and play the game as a team, a well oiled machine that shows up on time, puts out 100%, acts and thinks like winners, and leaves TV fans, house show attendees, and PPV buyers thinking "Wow!" and eager to return for more. If Bill Watts is anything, he is a good "coach," as his experience with his old UWF promotion in the mid-80's is a testimony to his skill of taking a group of hard workers and building them into a winning team, a successful outfit, a top promotion.

"4) Down the road, STING's turn actually could revive Steve Borden's long term career, a career which is going nowhere now, due to unfortunate injuries, prior mismanagement, illogical booking, and a somewhat burned-out character which has plateaued. If played well, the build-up of the STING-SCORPIO concept, STING's turn, the ensuing angles, interviews, and battles could rival any other program going on and could get hardcores as well as marks talking: "Hey, did you hear STING turned on SCORPIO?" "What do you think about the STING turn?" Many would love to see what would happen if Hogan were to turn heel. For once, WCW can beat Vince at the game he usually plays the best...making the right move at the right time before the competition. Because the babyface alone can't carry the promotion, significant focus should still be held on STING, who's career has really only plateaued, not yet peaked. A major storyline concerning his "fall" and what he does now and next month and in the months thereafter should be developed and pushed as an intricate part of the weekly TV-soap opera. In essence, the promotion suddenly finds itself with two top babyfaces, one a legit "face," the other a "face gone bad." To keep Borden motivated--engaged mentally and physically now and later--he must be made to know that he is part of a long range program to rebuild WCW and his own career, that all efforts will be made to do both these things. In a sense, Bagwell actually becomes the "interim" top face, the transitional top face until STING's name, image, persona, gimmick, career can be revitalized to return him to a position in the organization which many had hoped for a few years ago, before both he and WCW were besieged with one problem after another."

And that's who Dave Meltzer picked to be WCW's top face. Okay. So, it's a little kinky. So, Watts would never really do it. Wouldn't dream of it. Sting wouldn't go along with it. But actually, it's a solid idea, and, Dave, do you hear me or anyone else laughing at you? No. See, Dave. Your readers want to know what you really think, too, when you ask a question like that in the Observer. Or don't ask those questions. (And if you do ask those questions, then please don't--after 224 of us respond--tell us what you then wrote in the second sentence of your "Question of the Week" comments on page 4, of the 7/13 issue. Dammit, Gumby!)

Okay. I confess. I'm just kidding. You did not see the "All Kidding Aside" sign up at the top of this piece, did you? All that stuff about Bagwell being Dave's pick is a lie. I made it all up. I never called Dave about it. I just wanted you to read what my f---ing idea was, since I knew Dave wasn't going to print it in his sheet and I figured you might not read it if you knew it was my idea. I know. It's a dumb idea. Watts will never really do it. I know. I'm sick. I need to get out of this business.

***** LETTERS FROM RING WORMS + RUMBLE BABES *****

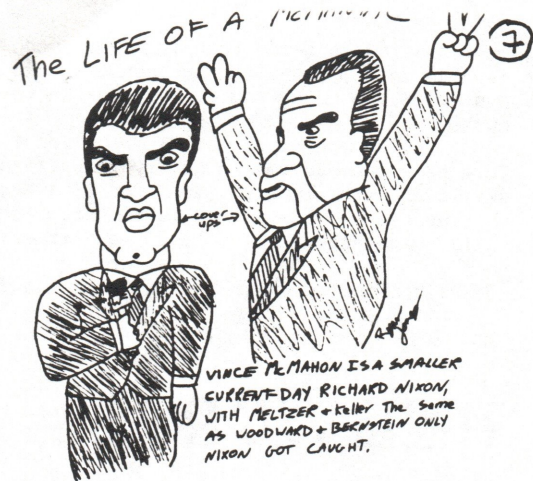
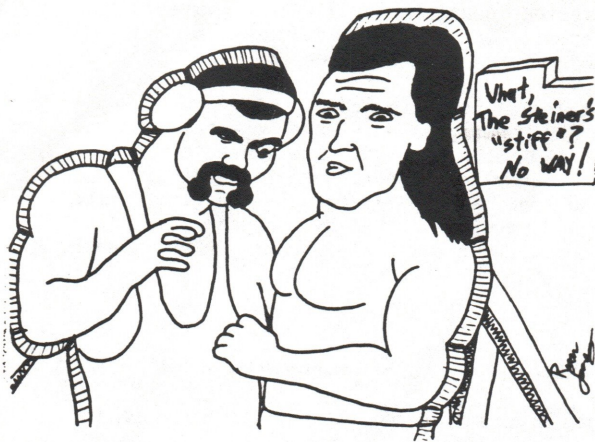
OHIO MAN'S OPINION ABOUT BILLY'S LATEST RUMBLE WITH 'ROIDS

You got it all wrong about Billy Graham and Watergate in the free SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE you sent to survey respondents: Superstar's balls didn't explode--his "roids" exploded--or, to be more clinical, his hemorrhoids hemorrhaged--though whether this was from sitting in front of a Senate Committee and being grilled (alive!)--or if it is a result of anabolic steroids is still unclear!

I, myself, would keep out of Billy's way for awhile, because even though hobbled, he can still manage a legsweep takedown and then, who knows, perhaps he'd use the dredged spinning toe hold--the move that made Al Perez's career--or even the splitting ass--hold!

P.S....You should ask Billy what it was like praying with Nixon during Watergate...and remind him that God once afflicted Philestines with roids--it's somewhere in the good book--Billy knows where.

Dick Freeman
Yellow Springs, OH



IT'S JUST YOU, MULLINS! SAYS ILLINOIS MAN

Mullins, wake up! Why do you need a survey which will undoubtedly only be returned by your friends and/or people who love Sushi anyway? I would have thought you were over your insecurities by now! Sushi is fucking-a-hysterical. Why do you need to hear it? Okay, I have one theory--so, allow me to play Oliver Stone for a few moments.

From what I know about you, you're old enough to legally drink, are single, and teach school. You obviously love wrestling. But now your girlfriend and you get in a fight because you want to see Uncle Harry White on your romantic boat trip. Keep in mind I don't know how serious you two are, I'm just theorizing here. Now, you want to decide between wrestling and the girl, ala' Mike Gunter, Jeff Bowdren, etc. Well, if the responses from the survey are many and heartfelt, you'll continue to put out Sushi. If not, you'll quit and spend time with your girl. But why do you have to choose at all? I mean, jeez, there are 24-hours in a day, 168-hours in a week. There should be plenty of time for both girl and sheet. Use your VCR and watch wrestling when you're not with her. On the one hand, if this relationship is serious (ie, wedding bells???), then, damnit, Mullins, what's more important--spending the rest of your life with someone you love, or watching wrestling and putting out a sheet? The choice is pretty damned obvious for any mature adult, which you obviously are! Shit, people will still talk to you if you stop Sushi (except me...just kidding!) and you could still watch wrestling.

Now, you're obviously having a hard time explaining and making her understand why you love wrestling. I'm sure every guys who's a hardcore shares your lament. After many girlfriends, I am firmly convinced that unless you're a hardcore, you just cannot understand. Conversely, your woman should not force you to choose, either. No woman who would be that immature is worth having. Compromise is the key! You don't have to watch 60-hours of wrestling on TV, go to every house show, attend every PPV. Some people I know, people I consider hardcore, rarely if ever watch TV anymore, watch only PPV's, and read the sheets to keep up. Wrestling does not have to be a total time-consuming obsession. What's the old saying, everything in moderation? There has to be room for both or else you're not really in sync, as a human, are you?

So, if you're being a wimp and looking for sympathy, don't. Damnit, Mullins--what you do in Sushi is great. It's funny, rib-tickling funny. I don't know how you come up with this stuff. I try like hell to write funny stuff, but...Goddamn it, Mullins, everybody loves Sushi! Hey, I'm trying here to be your Sting on crutches and slap you in the face like he did Lex Luger!!! Another thing, you seem to have been teasing the retirement angle a lot lately. Shit or get off the pot, man! Don't play with our emotions! Be fair to your readers.

So, there's my theory for you. If I'm wrong, ignore it. Whatever, I can certainly sympathize with you--I never have enough time for anything either. Well, back to the survey.

Eric Krol
Orland Hills, IL

ALHAMBRA MAN FEARS SELF-INJURY WRITING TO NEWSLETTER

I haven't written lately because I can't think of anything funny. It's not like writing to the Observer where you can impress people with your wrestling knowledge. In Sushi you nag us for little jokes. And sometimes the jokes need to make sense AND be humorous. Some months it's just too hard on me. I don't want to get a hernia thinking that deep. How come Hot Rod Leighton can get printed and not be funny? Rodney's still upset that he once believed wrestling was real. (It is real, Hot Rod, just ask Takayuki Iizuka.) I think the mystery for Rodney has something to do with the word "Pugwash." Actually, I haven't written much because I'm sore and need more rest. Lately, I've been chasing after some women around here who work stiffer than Jumbo Tsuruta.

Steve Yohe
Alhambra, CA

ST. LOUIS MAN ABSOLVES SELF OF BLAME

Regarding the SNS scoops in #43 (about my being responsible for a pair of prominent wrestling families going to Splitsville), let me assure both Randy and Eddie that the interest their wives had in me was one sided and it was not--I repeat, not!--initiated by

⑧ me...the reason being that I am very much interested in and involved with someone else who is also in the wrestling business. (Just as Jason claims to have made Missy "scream," my own grappling honey and I have been known to do a lot of "grunting and groaning" ourselves!)

Unlike others of her ilk, the local and national wrestling career of my own sassy love babe has had the longevity that Elizabeth and Madusa can only hope to attain. Also, she lives here, locally, so I don't have to hop a plane and travel time zones when I get the insatiable urge to "be" with her. And while I may lack the finances of a Million Dollar Man (and the cute cuddly qualities of the American Dream), my gal--the lovely Miss Sapphire!--and I share a mutual fondness that could never be shaken by thoughts of a romantic interlude with Elizabeth or Madusa. Long live browwwn shugahhh! Ohhhh, yeaah!

Harry White
St. Louis, MO

RING WORDS

Thank you, Stephen, for 3-yrs of provocative "ring words!" -- Jeff

by Stephen Meyerson, Associate Editor, Brooklyn, NY

RECENT CONVERSATION: A woman who was in the rock n' roll industry for many years described the current rock scene in ways which parallel wrestling: 1) Feast or Famine--a few make megabucks and most struggle to make ends meet. 2) Widespread contempt and suspicion toward promoters and others on the business side. 3) The perseverance and dedication of the performer against almost insurmountable odds. 4) The lack of commercial success for performers who refuse to conform to the whims of the record company and the current trends of the MTV driven market. Does the name Bob Backlund fit? 5) The emphasis on glamour, videos, hype, and image rather than musical ability. 6) The impact of the recession on the industry as a whole.

She's now out of the music industry and listens almost exclusively to jazz. This reminds me of the wrestling fan who's given up on the overexposure, repetitiveness, gimmicks, corruption, overcommercialization, and appeal to the lowest common denominator of the major promotions and is now watching tapes from Mexico, Japan, Smoky Mountain, etc.

Anyone who says "real men bump on the floor" has taken too many bumps to the head.

Vince is winning in Europe. Will Watts forfeit Japan?

I bid 2¢ for Mick Karch's WM5 Program with autographs from wrestlers and celebrities. The bid is for the program since I consider autographs completely worthless.

In Wrestling Then & Now #29, interviewee Dale Pierce put down a California editor without revealing his name. Did he also criticize a current US President without saying who it was? We know he's not referring to Ross Blair or Riki Jack Hammeroyd.

CHANGING TIMES: Has "Red Will Get You Green" become "Blades Risk AIDS."

TOTAL MARK: You were ripped off by Joel Goodhart's defunct TWA and have become a client in his insurance and investments business.

When will Vincent Russo begin managing/writing for the WWF?

ADULT EDUCATION OR ADULT ISOLATION: The Spanish and Japanese teacher asked his students why they were taking language classes. Student A: "I'm an international businessman who's opening up a division in Japan." Student B: "I'm going to Spain for the Summer Olympics." Student C: "I'm dating a (man, woman) who was born in (Mexico, Japan)." Student D: "I want to be able to communicate with the large Hispanic population in (Los Angeles, San Antonio, Miami, New York)." Student E: "I watch several hours of wrestling tapes each week from Japan and Mexico and want to understand the announcers." No one sat next to Student E unless there were no other seats available. On the last night of class, Student E was NOT invited to the international restaurant the class ate at. Student E didn't mind since he wanted to rush home to check his mailbox for the latest UWFI tape.

Recent New York T Shirt: A picture of a handgun and the words, "IT AIN'T KANSAS!"

STREETS OF NEW YORK: You hear him honking vigorously for no apparent reason. Without even looking up, you know he's car service. Police are called New York's finest. Firemen are called New York's bravest. Car service drivers are New York's rudest. In Lucha Libre terms, car service drivers are the rudos, and the abused patient drivers and pedestrians are the tecnicos. The antonym for patience of a saint is patience of a car service driver.

The "solution" to the top rope rule is to add a 4th rope.

Had Goodhart stayed in business, he might have booked a 20 man elimination match where the surviving non bleeder would be the winner. The bleeding wrestlers would have spilled blood all over the building pleasing the bloodthirsty hardcores. Would the remote, yet unnecessary, risk of an AIDS coming out party have excited the hardcores even more?

FISH HEADS + RICE!

SUSHI SOUP: As mentioned in the special issue, Dave Meltzer called in response to the "All Kidding Aside" story in Sushi #43 and said Observer subscriptions are not down; he is doing fine financially, and will not be publishing a body building newsletter. The story, which was mostly speculative, failed to mention this fact and apologies for any misunderstanding by Dave or, readers of the Observer, are hereby extended. Something else Dave and I talked about was the need for a clearly defined set of "indicators" by which to gauge Bill Watts job with WCW, something like the national government is judged regarding its effect on various economic indicators such as Gross National Product, Housing Starts,

Trade Balance, Employment Rate. Like with the national economic indices, which are adjusted for this reason or that, the same would be done to determine how the Watts-led WCW is doing compared to past and other factors which would make judgements about house show attendance, PPV sales, television ratings, concession business, and so on more objective. So, if you sort of wondering what those monthly "figures" are all about in recent Observers, I assume Dave is laying the ground work, statistically, to evaluate Watts, etc.. Essentially, Watts' can be easily judged almost on a quarterly basis: the three months between the BASH and HAVOC, the three months between HAVOC and STARRCADE, and so on until next year's BASH. If Dave can establish 6-10 meaningful indicators, and gets the information to apply to them, it should make the marketing view of the grap game very interesting, beyond the current TV ratings and house show attendance figures which, heretofore, present only a partial story and not the "big" picture. ⑨

On a different note: Robert Garrison of Raytown, MO wonders: "If the red streak in hair represents the blood of the Indian nations, just what do those red notes on teh back of his copies of Sushi represent? The writer's cramp of all Indian nations?" Tony Duncan of Royston, GA says his pal "Sheldon Gruber of 112 Arnold Stang Dr., Minkman, NY is looking for videos of George "The Steele taking a crap and Vernge Gagne clipping his toenails, and that Hugh G. Wreckshun of 17 Chub Pl., Woodmiester, MN wants a copy of the 5/12 New Japan show where Liger has his "Little Accident" while doing the Moonsault. He can trade the episode of Happy Days, where Potsie finds out the hard way about Uncle Malcolm." Rodney Leighton of Pugwash, N.S., advises that his buddy Upchuck Canuck says, "Hardcores are pissed off at the Steiners because they work too stiff and/or too lazy and/or use the same moves for the past 6 months with nothing new. Yet they pray Doc and Bammer will kick the shit outta them (HA!); mourn the passing of the Midnight Express (never mind that for a few years Stan Lane was the laziest worker in history!) and idolize Ric Flair (who hasn't changed a thing in 15 years.)"

Our spies on the DETROIT NEWS have discovered that M.L. Curly's hilarious wrestling column is sometimes so "hot" a team of nervous editors frequently red pencil out some of the funniest stuff. Case in point is the item appearing about WWF President Jack Tunney on 6/26 which did so without the material inside the set of triple-brackets: "Monday, Tunney called Papa Shango into his office and ordered him to stop ruining WWF wrestlers' careers by incinerating them, effective immediately. But when Shango continued to ignore him, the highly distinguished WWF President resorted to an emergency measure. He had just read Vince McMahon's new book, "You, Too, Can Do Voodoo" and he tried to cast a spell on Shango that would put the voodoo king completely under Tunney's control. Unfortunately, the spell [[[backfired drastically, and when Jack set his own hands and feet on fire, it caused a four-alarm blaze that completely ruined Tunney's office]]] adding to the doubt always present in McMahon's mind on whether Tunney is really suited to represent the WWF as its figurehead leader." Guess the editors were fretting that a bunch of you Michigan folks might swamp the phone lines calling Titan to see if it was true or not. By the way, Becky Copley of Taylor, MI thinks M.L. Curly's full name is a tribute to the Three Stooges' Moe, Larry, and Curly...Funniest part of the above story, however, is when one of Curly's keepers asked him, straight-faced as it can get with inter-office computer mail, "Was their really a fire in Tunney's office or are we making this up????"

Shiite Dudes With Attitudes co-founder Bobby Yates of Asheboro, NC warns that the "Dudes have written a parody called "The Anabolic Horror Picture Show" starring Dr. Vince N. McFurter, a hunchback bi-guy named Gene/Jean, and a chemically-made monster known as the Ultimate Rump Thruster! Look for it in Torch editor Wade Keller's new monthly letters, columns, and articles supplement called The Ring Post (6 issues only \$4.50!) Some of the parts might need editing, as it even made Riki-Jack blush. Sushi cartoonist Ryan Jones (Thanks for all the great art, Ryan!!!) of St. Paul, MN will be pleased to know that Klone's infant daughter Missy-Elizabeth--with crayons in hand--"colorizes" his toons when papa Klone is done reading the sheet. Every 2-3 months, Bob Barnett of 3101 5th St., Santa Monica, CA 90405 has terrific quality 4-hr best of All Japan/New Japan TV shows which he'll ship for \$18 in the U.S., \$23 to Canada, and \$18 elsewhere for U.S. cash or drafts co-paid by a U.S. bank. He also has extensive footage of the recent Cauliflower Alley's 25th Anniversary dinner featuring famous faces and interviews with John Tolos and the late Buddy Rogers, among others... Justin Hoyer of 14 Wenzel Ln., Stony Point, NY 10980-2310 will send his list of videos (including old NWA tapes) for sale or trade to anyone sending him a med. sized SASE...

Anthony Aragona of Orlando, FL thinks it would be great if Jubie Jay was ever set loose in Titan Towers day care center. Some wild imagery there! Pete Lederberg of Landerhill, FL wonders if WCW might invite Eddie Gilbert to judge the next bikini contest between Missy and Medusa. Some really wild imagery there, too! Finally, Linda Adams of Omaha, NE warns Jubie Jay that even though "...the lady on Donahue was ignorant...if he ever calls any female 'A pompous douche bag' (like Harry White did) he'll think he went two falls with both Sheri and Medusa, with Missy ragging on him all the way to the hospital!" Now that's major wild imagery! Former Sushi columnist Paul Hanlin Jr. has says he's quit Alex Marvez's Three Count over flap about recent gap (now closed) in taht sheet's printing schedule... Well, Jeffrey Zinger old pal, now it's my turn. I'll be joining you and the Gagster any moment now...

10

ALL KIDDING ASIDE... SUSHI SAYS 'SAYONARA'

Hello, everyone. Welcome to the final issue of Pro Wrestling Sushi. Yes, what you just read above is not a work. It's true. This little pretender to Jaws is pack'n it in.

Well, we've done our best to put a smile on your wrestling face and help make you chuckle at odd moments during a period in pro mat history when, with few exceptions, there wasn't a whole lot going on in the ring to smile or chuckle about. But, alas, the time has come to call it quits and put this little grap-guppy out to sea.

Yeah, I can't believe it, either...especially after all the terrific survey responses which were returned by a whopping 65% of you 250 subscribers, editors, and other friends out there. Essentially, here are two reasons...

First, I woke up one morning this week, looked out the window at a sun-dappled world, saw the wider stream of life meandering by like a long-legged babe wearing a string-bikini and sandals, and suddenly, from outta the blue, I felt like I wanted to be on the other side of that window, splashing and futzing around out there...more than I wanted to be sitting in here, alone, inside my townhome, in my den, at this word processor, doing a sheet (which I love doing!) but which is where I have spent most of these past three years playing and futzing around.

Secondly, your survey responses.

Whew! I never really knew exactly how much so many of you loved this sheet or had such strong feelings of attachment to it (as most of you expressed in your survey comments or accompanying letters--I guess the people who never subscribed to it, or gave up on it after a few issues, were just different than you and me.) Anyway, you gave me what I really needed to know and--in a confidential, personal, intimate way--you helped me make the ultimate decision: to fish or get off the bait-box regarding the future of this sheet.

Well, without going into too much deep-sea analysis here, essentially, at this moment, today, I cannot do Sushi on a consistent, monthly basis which is how most of you wanted it, and which is exactly how it should come out. Unless you've done it--put out a sheet of any kind--it entails a lot of obvious and, not so obvious, hidden hours...hours which can be used to put together something in which you can take a lot of pride, but also, a lot of hours which must be borrowed from other areas of one's life.

Basically, for me anyway, at this point in time, the exigencies of regular life and sheet production are inharmonious and, grudgingly, I've embraced the reality, that for the time being, I simply can't do both. In the back of my mind, thinking of doing a sheet every two months, many of you were correct when you advised that the topical stuff in this sheet would be too outdated to be "new" and too new to be "nostalgic" and that two-months was too long to wait on a regular basis for something like Sushi. And knowing myself (during the period between sheets), I'd still find myself constantly fencing with the pleasures and distractions of doing a sheet and there'd still be too much Sushi sloshing around inside my bucket of squid for brains, and most of the "real life" things I've put on the back burner still wouldn't get the attention they require right now.

So, there you have it. The fish and I are going "fishing," and when I get home, I just want to become a regular grap fan for a while, one who reads a few sheets, watches a little TV, fires off a letter-to-the-editor now and then, and is still able to tend to the piles of non-grap crap and other good stuff which, as I understand it, make for something called a "balanced life." And since, during the past few years, I haven't a clue, I think I'll check it out. Because we truthfully don't know exactly "when" (or even "if") we're coming baaack (though I'm sure somebody's little gonzo nephew around here will mail everyone a free "Update from Sushiland" this Xmas) here's how we're going to handle subscription balances. Please choose from among the two or three options...

Back Issues: Instead of receiving a cash refund, you may want to select and get back issues you have not read. All back issues from #6 through #43 will be available for \$1.50 each. For each set of 4 back issues that you request, please select a 5th back issue that will be sent to you FREE! Please identify each back issue you want by its "number". Back issues not already in stock will be reprinted from the original masters in order to attain exact, first-generation quality. If you want more back issues than are covered by your subscription balance (see red digit on or near your mailing label), be sure to send me enough additional funds to cover your order. If you're not certain which back issues you need, direct me to select the "best" ones for you, and I will send those which seem to have been the most popular over the years. Many new subscribers who have ordered back issues of Sushi tell me that reading the old issues is quite a trip and that they can't believe some of the things we did even back then. (Issues #1-5 and issue #43½ are not available.) Deadline to select or order back issues is Monday, July 27, 1992. No requests or orders for back issues will be filled after 7/27. This is redundant, but, be sure to mail your requests to me so that they arrive here at P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158 no later than 7/27. (Anything that arrives even legitimately late will probably not be processed until near the end of August.)

Cash Refunds: If I don't hear from you about back issues, I'll automatically refund all money in your sub balance via U.S. postal money order. Most persons with subscription balances of only one issue remaining, however, will find an appropriate back issue accompanying this sheet. If some of you wish to combine back issues with part of a cash refund, just let me know by 7/27. Everything will be mailed by 7/31. I really have no preference how you take back your sub balance. Whatever works for you. Hey, knowing all of you this way has been fun. I love ya like me own brudders 'n' sisters. -- Jeff Mullins

Hi,
I know. This note here is "generic" + not
written in red pen... but I'll save pen-

sonal comments for when I mail out back issues,
refunds, & other materials owed to some of you! ~~Jim~~

It just wouldn't seem right if Sushi swam off into the sunset without kicking just one...more...butt!

JUBIE JAY VS. THE CHI-TOWN YELLA BELLY NIGGARD!

"Hello all you Sushi s-u-r-v-e-y freaks! Thanks for l-o-v-i-n-g me so much in Sushi's readers' poll! Yeah! Me! A nine-year-old kid! I'll never allow your faith in me to go to my head! No way! Just from now on, call me SUPERSTAR JAY! What? Sure, I voted for myself. But not THAT many times! Jeez..."

"Jubie!"

"First, let's go to the fax machine and harass Meltzer! Let's tell him WCW just fired Bill Watts and that Jim Herd is coming back. Dave will crap a turd the size of Bruno Sammartino's head! It'll be fun. Then..."

"Jubie!!!"

"Then, let's phone Pat Patterson and tell him we're calling from the Boy Scouts of America's annual Foot Massage Fund Raiser and ask him how many tickets he wants?! Then..."

"Jubie!!!"

"Whaaat?"

"What are you doing?"

"...I'm doooooing my home work, Unca Jeff! Big history test tomorrow! Gotta use the old lap-top computer here to study the War of 1812, you know, the 'War to Settle the Score'!"

"Jubie...?"

"Whaaaaaaaat?"

"School's out for summer. No more history. No more books. No more teachers' dirty looks..."

"Oh, really? And who died and made you Alice Cooper? I'm studying for a SUMMER SCHOOL history test! Yeah! I wanna grow up and have a good brain, not like the one Unca Riki-Jack bought during a blue-light special at K-Mart!"

"You're not attending summer school this year, Jubie. Principal Fartzapon refused to enroll you this summer because of all the food fights you started during lunchtimes last summer at Lucretia Mott Elementary."

"What does Ms. Fartzapon know? She looks like Dump Matsumoto and sounds like Scary Sherri with her head stuck in a toilet! She doesn't know a Figure-Four from a Steinerline. And I bet she really thinks Shawn Michaels actually l-e-a-v-e-s the building when his matches end! Ms. Fartzapon doesn't know squat!"

"She knows one thing, Jubie."

"What's that?"

"She knows you're obsessed with professional wrestling. That--like Macho Man Savage--your behavior is out of control. That real life--to you--is a work, a fantasy, and that wrestling to you is a shoot, the real thing, the real world."

"Oh? Like, is there something WRONG with that?"

"Yes. Especially when the homophobic, make-believe world of wrestling--it's feuds, angles, violence, and all its cheating, lying, trickery, and bizarreness--carries over into your real-life, every day experiences."

"So? What's the point? It's not like I want to grow up and become a U.S. President, a tele-evangelist, or a columnist for the Torch."

"Do you want to become like your Uncle Riki-Jack Hammeroyd? Or like "Superfan" Harry White of St. Louis? Or worse, much worse, like that jaundice-eyed, penurious, bowelless kvetchen from Illinois who 'bravely' pulls wings off butterflys but not off dragons, and was afraid to give Sushi a decent plug because he fears real competition?"

"You mean, like what's his name, L.L.--'The Yellow Belly Chicago Niggard!'"

"Yup."

"...The sheet editor who's afraid to cross lances with (or lately, decently plug his sheet friend) Sushi? Like Keller plugs Meltzer, and vice versa, and like Sushi plugs almost everyone else, including Paul Dizadji's ribald, witty, twice a month, grap sheet called Heavily Papered, which costs \$1 per issue from 9717 S. Keeler #103, Oak Lawn, IL 60453? You saying I could turn into someone like (choke-cough-gag) L.L.!"

"Exactly. If you don't keep pro wrestling fantasy and real world reality in perspective, it could damage your brain, like Riki-Jack's. Or it could twist your sense of morality, like Harry White's. Or..."

"...It could darken my soul, like that of The Yellow Belly Niggard from Chicago?"

"Yes"

"Jesus H. Ross Perot! Hock-phooey! I feel profoundly affected by all this. My prepubescent brain is ablaze with conflicting images. I've got a headache! Here. You take the lap-top and finish this issue of Sushi. Where's my bed-time doll? I'm feeling overwhelmed! I gotta take a nap! Come tuck me in! Where's my new Wrestling Buddy doll? Where's Rocco!?"

"He's right there, by your pillow."

"Okay, okay! We're calmer now. Tuck the blankets in and leave the door opened a crack. WHERE'S ROCCO!?"

"He's in your arms."

"Rocco! You okay? Rocco is okay. I'm okay. We're gonna nap now. Wake us up when WCW Saturday Night comes on."

"HEY, JUBIE! LOOK UNDER THE BED! IT'S THE YELLA BELLIED NIGGARD FROM CHI-TOWN! HAHAAAA!" **[Cont. Next Page]**

"Whaaaa! Who? What was that Unca Jeff!?"
"Relax. Uncle Riki-Jack just poked his head into the room and is teasing you."
"Is L.L. really under my bed, Unca Jeff? Is L.L. hiding in my closet? Will I be The Yellow Belly Niggard's next hapless victim in his sheet? I'm little. I'm only nine. I'm sort of defenseless. I'm..."

"ROCCO IS THE YELLA BELLIED CHI-TOWN NIGGARD...IN DISGUISE! HAHAHHA!"

"Yiiieeee!"

"ROCCO IS GONNA PUT A CHOKEHOLD ON YOU AFTER YOU FALL ASLEEP, JUBIE!"

"Will he, Unca Jeff? Is The Chi-Town Yella-Belly Niggard hiding inside Rocco? Am I L.L.'s next target?"

"Dunno, Jubie. Lately L.L. has been hiding behind the First Amendment, picking on female fans like Marianne Ryan and Teresa DeMarie. Perhaps he'll stop there."

"LIKE HELL HE WILL! L.L.'S JUST SHARPENING HIS TEETH FOR NINE YEAR OLDS!"

"Aaawk! Will you protect me from L.L., Unca Jeff!? Will Sushi bust his nuts? If he has any!?"

"It might be difficult, Jube. With Sushi going on the 'Ultimate Hiatus' after this issue, L.L. may be tempted to show the stripe down his back...now that our backs are turned."

"...AND WHEN HE'S DONE WITH YOU, JUBIE, THE YELLA BELLIED NIGGARD IS GONNA TERRORIZE BABIES! LIKE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF WRESTLING FANS RON LEMIEUX AND KLON HERRON! HAHAHHA!"

"Yiiieeeee!"

"Hey, Jack, give it a rest, okay? You're scaring the kid!"

"Rocco! We're dead meat! We're next! Ohhhhh!"

"HAHAHAHA!"

"Jaaack!"

"Rocco! Keep your eyes open! Don't fall asleep. Stay on the alert!"

"Go to sleep, Jubie. Don't worry about it now. Just let Uncle Jack and L.L. serve as reminders of what can happen to sorry little people later in life after they collect a little bag of marbles that they are fearful of sharing and how they can ruin friendships and warp their sense of values."

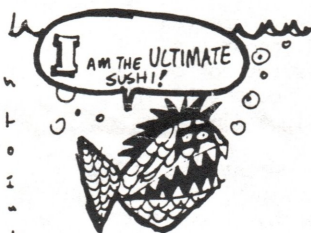
"Okay, Unca Jeff. Okay. Ohhh...kaay... O-o-o-o...snort...Rocco...mumph... ZZZzzzzz. [To be Continued...?]"

Dear Readers...On July 12, 1992, following the ALBANY BASH pay-per-view, two men and a skinny little kid from Sushiland, CA loaded a heavy plastic bait-bucket into their car, drove over to Campbell Beach outside Dave Meltzer's front door, and released Sushi into San Francisco Bay, where, immediately, a school of horrified local shrimp took one look... and crapped a cloud of B-B's trying to escape to safer waters beneath the Golden Gate Bridge. Sincerely,

Jimmy Joe Mullins Jr.
Former Editor/Publisher, Issues #1-16.

Ladies and gentlemen...Jubie, Jack, Jeff and Sushi have left the building.

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI, #44, JUNE'92
P.O. Box 36189
San Jose, CA 95158



Dave Prazak
2278 Hidden Creek Ct.
Lisle, IL 60532-1168

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